CONTEMPORARY FICTION ON THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANS

by

DONALD RADCLIFFE SHENTON

(We are happy to offer to our readers this significant paper in which an expert discusses the technical problems of the novelist who, confronted by the obstacles of their dialect, attempts to depict the Pennsylvania Germans, their character and their ways of life. The paper was read by the author at the second annual meeting of The Institute of Pennsylvania German Studies held at the headquarters of the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Philadelphia, on Saturday, May 29, 1943.—ED.)

IF OUR brave soldiers returning in victory should tell us that somewhere in the wastes of North Africa, or on an island in the South Pacific, they had come upon an unknown people who had found a way of life that would solve all the problems of this anguished world, then we would immediately organize an expedition of scholars, scientists and journalists, and send them to this island, hoping to discover a pattern for the reconstruction of the world after the war.

But let us suppose that our scientists, scholars and journalists should return to us in consternation, and say:

"Alas, we came back empty-handed. The unknowns are bi-lingual. They speak what they call a 'Language of the Head' and a 'Language of the Heart.' Now, our linguists had no difficulty with their intellectual language. It is remarkable how the progress of these unknowns has paralleled ours. We have arranged for exchange professorships in the sciences, in political economy, sociology and so forth.

"But their Language of the Heart, alas, was utterly unintelligible. In it, they say, is locked the message they have to give to the world, the pattern for peaceful living.

"This is the language the unknowns use in familiar intercourse. They speak it to children, in the home, the church, the village and in gatherings of friends. In structure it is doubtless of the great Indo-Germanic group, for our philologists recognized many of the roots. But the connotations had been shaped differently through the ages. Their word for 'work', for instance connotes pleasure. Their word for 'worship,' is in some dim way linked up with agriculture, with good farming. The crafts and the arts are not, as with us, fields for competition of individual artists. The arts are more like our Holy Communion—a way of coming in touch with the Creative Intent. As we would trace an illutrious ancestry to an immigrant who arrived on the Mayflower, they would take us to the country, show us a prosperous farm and say, 'This is the work of our ancestors.'

"Now they preserve the Language of the Head and the Language of the Heart, side by side, one for the larger purposes of science, government, the masses; the other for family and friends. It is their strange belief that the larger social groups, such as states, nations, and inter-national alliances—all are still in the experimental stage. Otherwise, they say, the outer world would not have wars. And there is logic in that. So they preserve the two languages, hoping that some day the Language of the Heart will fuse with the Language of the Head, and nations can live like families.

"A most hospitable people, they shared our disappointment at the failure of our expedition. The Friendly Language, they explained, requires three generations to learn. One of these must be spent on the farm and among the simple handicrafts. And they suggested that we send them, not a thousand scientists, scholars and journalists, but just one poet or storyteller. 'Perhaps he will understand,' they said, 'and convey the message'."

I have spoken in parable, for I believe that is the quickest approach to the center of our problem. The Unknowns, as you must have suspected, are the Pennsylvania Germans, the "Dutch," who live not on a remote island of the Pacific, but on a language island in our midst.

Early refugees from a tyranny that their paternal race again threatens to impose upon the world, by some miracle of living they have preserved the best of their ancestral traits—industry, pride in handicraft, family cleavage, love of music—while blending with other races, and so have evolved under the advantages of a free nation into a new race, ready to give back to the world a pattern for peace.

It is my firm conviction that this message for the world has been developed behind the wall of dialect. And, while this wall has protected their childhood, their folkways from the levelling tendency toward regimentation and standardization in America, it has also increased the difficulty of the task of the artist who sets out to interpret their message to the world.

Why do we have no great regional literature of the Pennsylvania Dutch? No Ole Rolvaag, no Sherwood Anderson, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, or Faulkner writing of the Pennsylvania German?

Isn't it possible that the late arrival of the Dutch in serious fiction bears mute testimony to the potency of their message? That message lies in character developed behind the wall of dialect. For the artist who sets out to interpret them, it becomes a problem not of translation from language to language but from one way of life to another way of life.

The artist who eventually will recreate the Pennsylvania Germans in narrative as living, thinking, feeling individuals must know their heart language so well that he can carry across the barrier the subtlest shadings of feeling and character. He must show them not as a people apart, but as one with humanity, differing only in the individuality they developed behind the wall of dialect.

Thus far the best interpretation of the Pennsylvania Germans to the outer world has been done by the scholars. But it is one thing to write analytically, descriptively, as they do. And it is another task to **represent** these people in fiction, to carry them directly into the consciousness of the reader.

What obstacles have baffled the story-tellers, writing of the Dutch?

The chief of these is: how render their peculiar speech in English?

The outsider, unaware of hidden danger, attempts to capture all the mis-pronounciations, the softened g's and j's, the transposed v's and w's, in their English dialogue. The outsider does not realize that this sets limits to the development of character in his story. The Webber and Fields type of comedy has established an attitude, a mind-set, in the American people. A Dutch accent is funny, they think. With utter lack of logic, a French accent is piquante. Unreasonable as these attitudes may seem, nevertheless they exist.

Now to represent is not to carry over literally. There is a difference between a circus poster and a Rembrandt. We want, not the literal dialect, but the flavor.

Moreover, it is impossible to capture the true Dutch accent in English orthography. We do not have enough letters. In a village of a hundred Pennsylvania Germans, there are a hundred variants of English accent and grammar, each shaped by the experience and education of the individual speaker. To characterise each person individually by the degree of his accent sets an impossible task. What happens? The tyro reduces all characters, regardless of education and intelligence, to a common level. All speak an indistinguishable dialect artificial, unnatural as a minstrel negro.

There are further reasons to avoid the mis-spelled dialect. Printed speech affects the reader differently from spoken words. When we are in the presence of a person, we are responding to a multitute of stimuli emanating from that person, not only to his words, but also to his gestures, appearance, inflection. The effect of accent is minimized, diluted by our general response to his total personality. But when the character speaks in the story, the artist must trust to that single stimulus—words.

Every good writer knows that every word his characters speak in the story achieves three simultaneous effects. Dialogue advances the action and plot; it reveals our concept of the speaker's character; and third, as it pleases, or displeases the reader, it draws him into imaginative identification, into sympathy with the character, or it repels him. To reveal the true nature of the Pennsylvania German, we must draw the reader into sympathy with these people. It cannot be done in a mis-spelled dialect.

Such are the difficulties that confront the artist who sets out to represent the Dutch in **objective** stories, wherein he has only the problem of direct, audible speech to manage. But to write of these people **subjectively**, as in a stream-of-consciousness technique, no one, to my knowledge, has ever attempted. Here we encounter another problem. The Dutch speak a formal language among themselves. It has its syntax, its moods, declensions, and conjugations. Now, how are we to make the transitions from their correctly expressed thought in Pennsylvania Dutch, to the English they use?

In the story of the Dutch, we must manage three separate speech techniques: a rendering of their use of English, a translation of their Pennsylvania German when they are speaking among themselves, and a translation of their thought. Is it remarkable that almost every writer describing the Pennsylvania Germans in narrative has stumbled over these obstacles? And those who fell farthest, were the outsiders who wrote such atrocities as "D is for Dutch," and "Papa Is All." The very title of the latter uses a Dutch idiom incorrectly.

What is the solution of this problem? It is very simple for one who knows the Heart Language of these people. In "A High Wind Rising," Elsie Singmaster has surmounted the insurmountable problem of dialect. Though few critics—because they do not understand the magnitude of the problem—have observed her triumph, I believe that the future novelist, writing of the Dutch, will do well to study her example, and he will pay tribute to the pioneer. How easily she achieves the effect, the impression, of dialect in English narrative. No misspellings, but an occasional interjection or phrase such as "Nix kumm raus!", inverted and transposed word order, and many idioms. By these devices, she carries over the flavor and philosophy of the dialect without disturbing the prevailing emotion of the scene.

In my brief time, I cannot review her book. I am aware of its faults. A plodding opening, a story over-burdened occasionally by her honest desire to be authentic, occasional scenes that become incoherent as they rush along, for she has a large story to tell. But these faults are forgiven as she proceeds with knowledge of her people, to create "Grandmom," the first immortal in Pennsylvania German literature in English.

It is a grandmother's tale. The hands of the carver more beautiful than the carving. Singmaster's scholarship revives a whole period with knowledge of the life, customs, art, religion and song of her people. Though describing an historic period, the migrations of Palatines from Schoharie to the Tulpehocken of Conrad Weiser in Berks County, Grandmom transcends time. She is contemporary. Some facets of her rounded character you might meet today at the first Dutch farmhouse on the highway to Reading, or Lancaster or Allentown . . . As the Indians stand up to Grandmom's shrewd judgment we begin to understand them as humans. As they respond to her three arts—cooking, carving and die Kinder—Grandmom becomes like Conrad Weiser, a great linguist, casting a light about her that shows clearly the universals in all of us, the things we share beyond words.

Singmaster translates the Heart Language across the barrier of dialect. And this, I maintain, can be achieved not by mastery of their idiom alone, but only by the instinctive knowledge of one who has shared childhood with these people.

A few illustrations: When Grandmom speaks of the coming of Otilla, prospective bride of her Grandson, she says, "If only she's not over-loving! I wouldn't like that, nor Bastian." What essay could so clearly, concisely explain the Dutch distrust of demonstrativeness? Set thus in the character of Grandmom, who has proven her innate tenderness, we understand at once why the Dutch distrust showy emotion . . When Grandmom says, "He fast becomes German. The English wears now off, Thank God." I understand, even though I am English, precisely what Grandmom means.

Grandmom believes with the Dutch that among humans the only eternals are children, the family. The limestone land, the hearth and the cradle become everlasting collaborators in working out the destiny of man. This she expresses, when she says in revery of Ottilla, the bride, "Loving came to nothing unless there were children."

Lifted from their context, these quotations or any hundred other, like felicities of expression will not affect you as when read in the body of the narrative, but I have cited them as proof that the problem of dialect goes deeper than study of their outward, audible speech. In the hands of the master, idiom reaches the deepest reservoirs of racial and individual character and philosophy, for as we shape words through the generations, the words, in turn shape us and our children.

(To Be Concluded)

FREIHEITS BELL

Freiheits Bell, kling widder raus—
Iwwer Land, in die Wolke draus—
Iwwer Baerrick un iwwer Daal—
Freiheits Schalle, iwwerall!

Gnell mol widder wie devor!
Grefdich! Saag mer—iss es wohr?
Dapper, dapper! Mach es schnell!
Bischt du noch die Freiheits Bell?
Bischt du noch die Schtimm so glor,
Wie du waarscht vergange Yohr?

Fangt die Bell aa bissel schwinge—
Uff un ab die Schalle klinge:
"Freiheit g'heert zu yeder Mann,
Der sei Recht ernaehre kann".

Weck mit Geeschel! Weck mit Kett!
Schklaaverei? Sei Lewes net!
Braafe, schtolse, gude Leit—
Die sin frei bis Ewichkeit!

Kling, klang, kling, klang!
Amerikaaner, seid net bang!
Loss kee Dieb, ken Dunnerblitz
Darrich Grieg un darrich Hitz
Dich verschrecke in dem Land—
Freiheit kummt aus Gottes Hand!

Freiheit! Kling! Freiheit! Klang!
Freiheit! Ding! Freiheit! Dang!
Freiheits Bell, kling widder raus—
Iwwers Land, in die Wolke draus!

—ARTHUR D. GRAEFF
(Der Dichter vun de Dolpehock)

VENDUE

PUBLIC sales of farm stock 30 years ago were outstanding events. While the main interest was business the social side was almost as important. The sales were gay affairs, especially the "selling-off" sales, for all the young people attended them.

Corner-ball was the main secondary attraction, for here the young men had an opportunity of showing their agility to an audience in which were many of the young ladies of the neighborhood.

There was always a crowd around the huckster stand, which was placed far enough away from the auctioneer to permit the telling of stories and exchange of gossip.

The "selling-out" sales were different for they usually followed the death of either the husband or wife and that meant the end of farming. While these sales were well attended a feeling of sadness prevailed and they lacked the hilarity of the usual type.

The auction described in the poem is a "selling-out" sale on a small "zwee-geils Bauerei" (two-horse farm) and includes the selling of the household furnishings.

DIE VENDUE

"Verkaaft," greischt der Groyer
Un bringt sei Hammer runner;
Der Holschtee Bull, der macht so wiescht,
Es laut schier gaar wie Donner.

Die alt Loos un die Hinkel,
Die weisse un die rot;
Es geht gewiss gans alles fatt,
Die Aunt Kate iss nau dot.

Die drei Kieh warre aa verkaaft,
Die rot mit em weisse Schtarn;
Die schwarz-un-weiss, as melkt so hart,
Un die geel mit yuscht ee Harn.

Der newe Gaul mit em grumme Fuss,
Er geht so bissel laahm;
Die grosse Millich-Kessel all
Un aa es glee fer Raahm.

Nau kumme sie zum dode Schtack,
Hoiwenner un Windmiehl;
En Gruber-Wagge un en Eeg,
Vun so Sach iss net viel.

Es Eise-g'frees un so dergleich
Un was rum leid am Schtall,
Wie alde Redder un Schticker Kett,
Des kaaft der "Bensman" all.

An de Scheier sin sie faddich
Un gehne nei ans Haus,
Wu all die Better un die Kischt,
Die schtehne vanne draus.

Der Groyer schteht varm Fenschter
Uff so en aldi Bank;
Un nau verkaaft er's glee Sach,
As sie gehalde hen im Schank.

Die alde Blatt un gans glee Glaas,
As gemacht waar bei em Stiegel;
Noh kumme Deppich, schee genaeht,
Un aa en rund gold Schpiegel.

Es letscht die rode Schtubbe-Schtiehl,
Die sin noch graad wie nei;
Der Groyer schlaggt nau selli ab,
Die Vendue iss vorbei.

Der Onkel Jack iss ordlich fett,
Awwer der waerd glei viel dinner;
Er druwwelt sich so wunnderbaar,
Er geht nau zu de Kinner.

—Louis J. Livingood, M. D.
Wyomissing, Pa.

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(Conclusion)

That the writer of the Dutch must know his people, we find further proof in the comparison of two recent stories, written on an identical plot. One is "Apple In The Attic," by Mildred Jordan; the other "Stubborn-Heads," by Oliver Lentz, a Reading attorney. His story was originally published ten years earlier, and recently re-published in Dr. Barba's Pennsylvania German "Eck."

The plots are identical. A farm couple quarrels over money. The husband vows never again to speak to his wife. They maintain indirect communication for many years of silence, by addressing a pet—dog or parrot—when they need to communicate with one another. The story conflict is between money and marital love. The theme—stubbornness.

Now, let us compare the handling. Into "Apple In The Attic," Jordan unfortunately injects an alien element, sex, where sex has no place. A child is conceived by parents who are not speaking to one another. This circumstance revolts the reader. And further, that this child could be reared without drawing the parents together—and stopping the story—I declare is not only unlikely in any marriage but actually incredible in a marriage of the Dutch, who are passionately fond of children.

Now, motivation is a very exact science. As we shape the story, interweaving character and plot, to every force we must oppose another stronger or weaker force, if we aim to have the story turn convincingly in the direction set for it. Sexual attraction, and parental love, are, we know, two of the most potent human urges. The quarrel of Jacob and Emma would dissolve in any normal marriage. To sustain the plot, that is, to keep the characters at once together and apart, Miss Jordan is compelled to invent stronger, abnormal urges and traits, and these in turn distort the characters. Jacob is made a miser. Emma, docile as a cow, and so stupid that she doesn't recognize her pregnancy until the moment of birth. It is this false step in motivation, I believe, that started the avalanche of criticism that has descended on "Apple In The Attic."

In contrast, witness the naturalness of Lentz's tale. An attorney, not a professional writer, of course he did not analyse story technique as we students and teachers are doing. He spoke the Heart Language. He knew his people instinctively.

Stubborn-Heads is made consistent by the mere device of setting the story twenty years later in the marriage.

In Lentz's story, the quarrel begins over five dollars that Betz conceals from him—proceeds of the sale of her dog, which Sanny forced her to sell. But when Betz resists, it is not a question of money, it is **a principle** that Sanny fights for.

And how naturally conflict develops. When life is going downhill, and the old feel their physical powers waning, they cling frantically to the outward appearance, the pomp and circumstance that formerly represented a strength they really had. Isn't this the King Lear theme of Shakespeare? Lear regrets the outward show of royalty he has lost, not because he has divided a kingdom among ingrates, but because age has deprived him of the power to regain it. The old, like the young, have their fairy-tale period. As the young look forward into the illusion of incredible powers, so the old must look back, to preserve their self-esteem . . . Sanny is no longer boss.

Now, the outside writing of the Dutch sees the husband as domineering, but fails to recognize the accompanying reaction. Where do you find a more independent, self-reliant woman than the Dutch housewife? In this eternal conflict that we halllow with the name of marriage, I maintain that the Dutch woman secures for herself and her home as much as any woman secures. There are metes and bounds set to male dominance. When Sanny threatens physical violence, Betz leaves him. (This by the way is the subtlest of defences of the unwritten laws of Dutch decency). Sanny is hard put to it to bring her back without losing authority. In the richest scene of the story, he dictates to his grown son, who comes in to intercede, that she must return as she went, on foot.

The Dutch are said to be obtuse. But when Sanny fails to recognize that Betz—returning on foot in just the way he prescribed—is offering as much submission as any intelligent and lovable woman will give, Sanny is just an average husband. The race does not suffer. Lentz does not permit this to prove any special sort of Dutch dumbness It is a weakness, that alas, all of us males share.

Throughout the tale we are drawn into sympathy with both characters, seeing two humans caught in a tragic situation. Betz maintains the dignity of her sex—eternal woman unwilling to submit to stupidity—but in the end seeing the veritable stupidity of their long quarrel, she gives Sanny the outward proof of tenderness that we have not doubted all along. Thus Lentz, guided by pure instinct, keeps those things that are universal to human nature as universal, those things that are particular to the Dutch as particular.

In fairness to Miss Jordan, whose story I have criticised adversely, I should say that for what her story lacks of discernment, discretion and depth, she compensates in some degree by her facility, color and power in managing the large scene, as for example the Christmas scene in "Apple In The Attic."

Some of your good authors I have omitted for brevity, not by design. Most of them I have omitted by classification, because I am speaking of narrative fiction. These authors are: Cornelius Weygandt, because his charming essays are essays, not narrative. Marguerite De Angeli, because her honest little stories lean rather heavily on the beautiful drawings. "Hex Marks the Spot"—content better than title, again is essay set in a narrative frame, and not true narrative. And finally Conrad Richter, most conscious of your artists, stylist, expert craftsman, but to date apparently undecided whether to be a successful journalist or an artist—as the first two-thirds of his novel, "Trees," proves he might be. We always look forward to his next story.

For purposes of illustration, in order to show how inadequate knowledge of the Dutch can distort their stories, I have been compelled to join the general clamor against "Apple In The Attic."

But let us give a little thought to the "how and why" of the stories that falsify or distort Dutch character. To what extent are we, as American readers and teachers of American readers, responsible for the very faults we criticise in these authors?

The technique of the young artist is shaped in the short story. Few writers make their first appearance in the broader, free-er field of the novel. In order to win the attention of the public, the young artist must conform to what we call for want of a better word, "editorial standards." If these standards are, as we know they are, prejudiced, limiting, narrow and mechanical, if the editors believe the Dutch to be either quaint and picturesque as the Plain People, or obtuse, stubborn and parsimonious, then where is the young artist who refuses to compromise with ignorance and prejudice to place his first story?

The closing of the old, liberal Scribner's Magazine sounded the knell for the original, American short story. No more authors like Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, Faulkner, Morley Callaghan have come to light. Now the young artist must conform to the stereotyped patterns of popular fiction—each one a rigid mold, though it may be in the cheapest "pulp", the "Slick", or the "quality" magazine. If he falsifies in youth, can he write truly in maturity? As the twig is bent, the tree will grow.

If the poet of the Dutch is to reach the general public, then we must open the gate for him. We must see that in a land of free speech, the artist is provided like freedom in his art.

I believe that the scholar in other fields than literature cannot fully realize the tragedy of watching young talent rise, hoping for it, working with it, and then to see necessity force the immature artist to ignore the rich character materials in the Dutch counties, and to turn to the sensational, smart stories of Broadway and Hollywood. What satire for the teacher of creative writing when these students return after first success to thank him for helping them achieve the very end he hoped they would escape.

I have said this with emphasis to draw your attention to the importance of your Pennsylvania German columns—Dr. Graeff's SCHOLLA in the Reading Times, and Dr. Barba's ECK in the Allentown Morning Call, and there are others. Most democratic of American newspaper columns, they are not filled with the bombast of a psuedo-Solon, or the doubtful wisdom of an instantaneous authority, but they are filled largely with contributions of many people sharing a common interest. What you scholars are doing in research, they match, in a small way, in the arts. They open the gate. But to these we should add a magazine of fiction and poetry on the Dutch, absolutely liberal in its editorial policy, insisting only upon adequate representation of these people. Place might also be made in your existing magazines for good stories of the Dutch.

The schools too are beginning to do their part. In Allentown, I understand, schools have experimented with reviving the Pennsylvania German arts and dialect poetry. This might well be extended to the English departments of high schools and colleges in the Dutch counties, by teaching the young to write stories of the Dutch people, in English, and thus to experiment with the problems I have outlined.

And now, in closing, lest I have created an impression that I am pleading for a defense of the Dutch in fiction, I hasten to say with conviction that the Dutch need no defense.

Stand on any peak of the Blue or South Mountains in the Dutch Counties, and look out over their flourishing farmland. Observe the inexpressible serenity on the faces of the Plain People. Watch the little Dutch villages and cities move securely through this war, contributing out of their diversified industry and agriculture as loyally as their fore-fathers did in the Revolution. And watch them, unperturbed move back into the ways of peace, because they have the diversified industry and agriculture of a people of many talents. Then you will see their creed of work and worship made articulate in the character of a people.

It is rather of the world that I am thinking, in making this plea for the author writing of the Dutch, that we may, like the hospitable Dutch housewife say to the world, "Come in. Dinner's all ready." . . . . And the world may so share with the Dutch the bread of life.

DER HAAHNE

Der Haahne graeht laud sei Gickerigi,
Die Kinner uffzuwecke frieh,
Un laerne in der Morgenschtund.
Die Morgenschtund hot Gold im Mund.

Der Haahne iss en fedderichi Weckuhr. Die Ursach, dass er sich so schtols weist, iss weil er en grossi Gaab hot. Er kann wacker warre, wann die Daagshelling kummt. Er kennt wull en Millionaer sei, wann er noh ebbes duh daet, wann er mol wacker iss; awwer er dutt nichs als grache. Er iss awwer schtols, dass er die gans Nochberschaft wecke kann. Die Haahne wecke meh Leit als die Weckuhr. Der Haahne brauch mer net uffziege; wann mer der Haahne schtoppe will vum Grache, muss mer ihm sei Hals drehe un sell schtoppt ihn graad.

Der Haahne iss hibsch un schtols un sei viele Weiwer liewen ihn arrick. Die Weil sie Oiyer lege, dutt er watsche, un wann 's Oi gelegt iss, nemmt er all der Kredit far der Tschapp. Die Weil dass sei Weiwer die Kinner uffziege, watscht der Haahne so dass ken Krappe odder Hinkelwoi kumme far die gleene Hinklein zu fange.

'S Lewe vun Haahne iss oftmols karz un nie net sicher. Sie griege ihre Hels uffgezogge un glei sin sie im Kochkessel. En gewisser Bauer hot mol B'such grickt. Wie die Hinkel un die Haahne der hochmiedich Mann g'sehne hen, sin sie ans Schpringe. Der Ginnihaahne iss uff 's Scheierdach g'flogge un der Mischthaahne iss unnich die Seiben g'schluppt. In re halb Schtunn kummt der Mischthaahne raus un graeht "Iss er noch do? Iss er noch do?' Der Ginnihaahne uff em Dach saagt "Geh zerick! Geh zerick! Geh zerick!" Noh iss der Haahne widder unnich die Seiben g'schluppt bis er gans schur waar, dass er net sei Kopp verliere daet.

Mit de Haahne geht's wie mit de Dichter: die menschte Leit gleiche sie besser, nochdem dass sie dod sin.

Sprichwart

Duh net zu viel grache, wann'd die Waahrheit schwetze witt.

Aus'm Frank W. Mats seim NADURBUCH.

Aus'm John Birmelin seim MAMMI GANS BUCH

ONE, TWO

Eens, zwee, fallt der Schnee;
Drei, vier, schliess die Dier;
Fimf, sechs, kummt en Hex;
Siwwe, acht, iwwer Nacht;
Neine, zehe, 's Bett verdrehe;
Elfe, zwelfe, du musscht helfe;
Dreizeh, vaerzeh, gretzich waerd sie;
Fufzeh, sechzeh, fluche mecht sie;
Siwwezeh, achtzeh, ya, nau lacht sie;
Neinzeh, zwanzich, well, die kann sich
Bucklich lache wann sie will,
'S iss mer alles ewweviel!

CRY, BABY, CRY

Brill, Bobbel, brill!
Liewer du wie ich.
Schteck der Finger in dei Aag,
Geh un deinre Mammi saag,
Saag re awwer 's waer net mich,
Brill, Bobbel, brill!

LITTLE MAID, LITTLE MAID

Gleeni Maad, gleeni Maad,
Saag, wu gehscht du hie?
"In der Schwamm," hot sie g'saat,
"Ich melk die rode Kieh."

ONE MISTY, MOISTY MORNING

En nasser, feichter Maerrye,
Es waar so Newwelwetter,
Do kummt en alder Daadi,
Er waar gegleed in Ledder;
Er macht mir dann en Kumbliment,
Ich hab dezu gelacht;
'S waar "how de do" un "how de do?"
So hen mer fart gemacht.

SALLY, SALLY WATERS

Sally, Sally Wasser,
Kessel un die Pann.
Hei, Sally! Hei, Sally!
Witt en yunger Mann?
Iss es aa der aermscht,
Iss es aa der reichscht,
Nemm du dir en yunger Mann,
Was du am beschte gleichscht!

MER GEHT ALL GAERN DER HEEMET ZU

Mer geht all gaern der Heemet zu
Un kaerze Zeit verweile dart:
Es ennert sich en yedes Yohr,
Un mit der Zeit iss alles fart!

Die gestern Freind—wu sin sie dann?
'S guckt alles fremm—des sehnt mer glei;
Mei Haerz dutt weh, weil des so iss,
Ich glaab ken eener kummt meh bei!

'S kummt oft em ei, wie's ehmols waar,
So schee un lieb in alter Zeit;
Mer drauert oft far was mol waar;
Mer meent's kennt sei aa graad so heit!

Zum yunge Haerz leid's Bescht weit weck;
Mit Yohre kummt's em naeher bei;
Mer guckt's dann aa un sehnt's wie's iss,
Erfaahring macht yo des so sei.

Ich geh oft heem in meim Gefiehl,
'S kummt viel mer ei vun was mol waar;
Die alte Freind die schtehne do,
Die Freed iss gross un schee sogaar.

An Shamrock draus waar ich deheem,
Ans Grempaeps dart far'n lange Zeit;
Es Gaschthaus hot er frieh gebaut,
Un des, mit a[illegible]steht noch heit.

Graad net in dem, yuscht wennich weck,
Waar heem far mich—im aerschte Haus;
Mit Sehne laernt mer viel as bleibt,
Un mit uns geht ins Lewe naus!

In frieh're Zeit waar Eifer dart,
'S waar 'n Shipping Blatz far weid un breed;
Sie holte weck, was hieg'schickt waar
Vun alles was ins Lewe geht.

Ken "Rural Mail" waar dann gewest,
Un "Parcel Post" waar net bekannt;
Die Freight hot's dann dart hiegebrocht,
Un Leit hen's g'schleppt iwwer Berg un Land.

'S hot viel Ore mines g'hatt graad dart rum,
Un Shamrock waar der Shipping Blatz;
Zwee Waarfe waare dann am Geh,
Es Ore waar fascht en reicher Schatz.

'S hot viel Leit g'hatt as g'schafft hen dart
Mit wennich Luh un grosse Mieh;
Mer hot nix g'heert vun Schtreiks un Schtreit—
Where Justice rules can this not be!

'S waar Eenichkeed un Lieb domols,
Un aa en Luscht far dart zu sei;
En Daagdieb sei, bringt eem nix ei,
Wer's sehne will, der laernt des glei!

Verleicht hab ich yuscht g'sehne dart
Es Light as scheint far yunge Leit;
Wann des so iss, dann saag ich "gut",
Des sehn ich noch, wie dann, aa heit.

Schliess alles aus, was toricht waar—
Doch mit dem laernt mer'n manche Sach,
Guckscht nuff, gehscht nuff—wann net, gescht letz—
Der Letscht hot yo der letschte Lach!

—Charles Allabar Butz